

A HIDEOUS OFFENSE

A PROMINENT MUSIC TEACHER ARRESTED AT HIS DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

A Police Officer's Patient Vigil Ends in a Struggle With His Prisoner—The Accused Arraigned, Confronted By His Accuser, and the Case Continued.

At 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon Officer Van Fleet, of the sixth precinct station, went to the house of Prof. Alexandre De Wolowski, music teacher, 940 New York avenue, with a warrant for the latter's arrest. The professor was not in, and seeing himself on a convenient doorstep the officer waited. While he sat there several persons entered the house. Among them were some members of the Chinese legation, who are the professor's pupils. Those who entered did not remain long, but told the colored girl at the door that they would return.

About 7 o'clock in the evening more people came, and some waited in the professor's parlor, among themselves by performing on musical instruments or admiring the collection of bric-a-brac for which the professor is famous. They soon tired, however, and went away, passing the officer on the step. The latter asked the colored girl if she expected the professor shortly, and the girl replied that she did not know what was keeping him and his daughter Isabella, who was also out.

Shortly before 10 o'clock the officer's vigil was rewarded. Prof. De Wolowski came up the steps humming his latest composition. The officer stepped forward and said: "Prof. De Wolowski, I have a warrant for your arrest."

"What for?" asked the professor, placing his umbrella on the door.

"For outraging your daughter, Isabella. She has sworn out the warrant which I have here, and you must go to the station with me."

"Oh, my friend," said the professor with a smile, "it is a joke; you know it is a joke."

"Well, you must accompany me," and the officer laid his hand on the professor's shoulder. It was then that the latter displayed some uneasiness. "Let go," he cried, showing the officer away, "get out of my house, and he ran into the music room. The officer followed him, and after the professor, knocking over and breaking some chairs. The professor managed to get behind a door, which he essayed to close, but the officer was too quick, and the door came off its hinges. The professor ran behind a piano, and in his attempt to get at him the officer knocked a bottle of ink over the piano, the ink splashing on the door. The officer then caught the professor, and half an hour later he was locked up at the sixth precinct station, with the colored charge of the case.

When the police court convened yesterday morning there were three ladies sitting near the stove on the west side of the room. One of them was Miss Isabella De Wolowski, the complainant. She is 22 years of age, although she looks ten years older. She has dark hair, with regular features. She is not pretty, but her eyes are large and luminous, and her piercing black hair, when she looks up, lend a charm to her appearance. She had been weeping, and while she sat there her handkerchief to her eyes, and when not doing so gazed up at the floor. She was dressed in deep black, with a dark cloak, and a hat trimmed with a black feather. Her hair was brushed straight down her back.

About noon the clerk called "Alexandre De Wolowski," and from the cells below came the person of that name. He is a man about 50 years of age, slightly bald, and wearing a white shirt, a dark vest, and a dark coat. He has a mustache, and his clothes are disarranged, and his face looks a haggard and weary look. He stood at the bar while the clerk read the warrant, and when he had finished started to leave the box, but was stopped by a bailiff.

The warrant was sworn out by Miss Isabella De Wolowski, and charges "that on the 15th day of November her one Alexandre De Wolowski, known and had criminal intercourse with her, his own daughter."

Another warrant charged a similar offense on June 30.

The witnesses named in the warrant Judge Snell, at the request of the district attorney, continued the case for a week, and fixed bail at \$2,000. The professor was taken to jail with the other prisoners.

He made a sweeping denial of the charge, and said he could not understand that daughter who had so suddenly treated him so, and he believed that she had been urged to do it by designing women. When he left his daughter Wednesday she was as agreeable as ever, and he could not believe that she alone had trumped up this charge.

Miss De Wolowski and her companions left the court and went to the house of Mrs. Charles Beall, No. 203 Ninth street southeast. A reporter went to the house yesterday afternoon. He was met at the door by Mrs. Beall, a Miss Hubbard, who acknowledged that Miss De Wolowski was stopping there, but that she could not be seen. She said that the charges were true, and that the professor was a brute and his daughter an angel.

"Why since the death of his wife," said Mrs. Beall, "letting her enter into the hall, 'which was two years ago, this poor girl has been compelled to act the part of wife and daughter. He began the revolting practice with which he is charged some time ago. It is his custom to have her bring him hot drinks in the morning. When she did so he would lock the door, and compel the poor girl to suffer the most harrowing indignities. He would then place a revolver at her head and tell her that if she ever told what he had done he would kill her, and several times he has actually showed her how he would choke her like a rabbit. There are witnesses who can prove what the warrants charge."

Prof. De Wolowski came to this city about three years ago, and established a musical academy. He brought letters of introduction from some well-known people of New York and other cities. He was successful in his efforts here, and had many well-known society people among his patrons. About two years ago his wife, who was a member of Napoleon's opera company, died, and since then his daughter has kept house for him.

The East Washington Democrats. The East Washington Cleveland and Hendricks club held a meeting last night at Third and B streets southeast. The parade committee reported having expended \$100, and having a balance on hand of \$14. A committee of five, with J. W. Robinson as chairman, was appointed to amend the constitution and by-laws. Mr. W. H. Magnus said that each delegate to the county convention had been asked to make up a deficiency, and that he, as delegate for the twenty-second legislative district, felt unable to pay this. He asked that the club assume this assessment, which for the whole of East Washington, will be \$500. The executive committee was directed to raise and pay the amount. The parade balance was turned over for the purpose. Mr. Magnus said of the attempt to take the arrangements for the inauguration ceremonies out of the hands of the district delegates. "I said was a relic of Judge Edwards and members of the Metropolitan Army and Navy club to obtain prominence. The club adjourned until Friday evening, Dec. 5.

The Dime Museum. A change of bill took place at the Dime museum to-day. Instead of the "Chimes of Normandy" the Harris opera company will give "The Macbeth" both at the matinee and to-night. This troupe has been quite successful in its representations, and thus will be its last performance.

MAPS AND PICTURES.

Railway and Land Office Exhibits for the New Orleans Exposition.

The office of the commissioner of railroads will illustrate at the New Orleans exposition, by a series of charts and photographs, the progress of railroad construction west of the Mississippi river. The principal chart will show, by years, from 1850, the number of miles of completed railroad in each state and territory. Another chart gives a tabulated statement of the actual number of miles of railroad in each of the states and territories from 1850 to 1883, and another shows, in tabulated form, the practical result attained by four of the principal lines of railroad west of the Mississippi river from 1850 to 1883. The items represented are the number of miles operated by each road, the number of locomotives, passenger cars, mail, baggage, express, and freight cars employed; the number of passengers and tons of freight carried; the average rate per mile for carriage; the gross earnings, operating expenses, and net earnings of each company, together with the percentage of operating expenses.

A large map will show the location of the entire system of railroads in the territory covered by the exhibit and the particular lines of the aid which they have received from the government.

The scenery along the lines and the feats of engineering accomplished will be shown by paintings and photographs. "The Overland Route of 1869" and "The Overland Route of 1884" being the subjects of two of the principal paintings.

The exhibit of the general land office will consist largely of maps and pictures. There will be maps showing the country a hundred years ago and to-day, showing the thirteen original states, and the acquisition of territory from foreign powers, maps of Indian reservations and land grants, maps of surveys, mining lands, and railroad maps, and, in fact, of about everything in the country which can be mapped.

There will also be fifty handsomely-executed views, ranging in size from 20 by 30 inches to 30 by 40 inches, illustrating incidents in mining life, past and present, and showing the many resources, producing the precious and economic minerals of the country. This series will include a number of views illustrating the growth of the railroad interests in the United States.

These exhibits will be elaborate, and will illustrate the curious and intricate manner by which mining claims are frequently located. The maps are compiled from the best standard authorities. The conjectural lines of the theoretical geologist is discarded, and the actual, known lines, ascertained by the exploration of the miner, substituted for them. The map series will also include a showing of the advancement by decades of the railroad system of the country, from the first use of the steam wagon in handling freight and passengers down to July 4, 1884.

The subjects for the fifty pictures mentioned are gathered from sketches made on the ground by special artists, photographs furnished by the mine owners, and in a few instances, to illustrate ancient mining, from views in standard publications. They will represent among other things the crude methods of extracting the precious metals from the native rock, the primitive method of crushing quartz, and the deep fissure mining as practiced by the aborigines, and mining life in California, Arizona, and Nevada. The pictures take the miner from his early work with the "cradle" through the progressive steps to the "pressure boxes," "stamp mills," and "stamp mills" of modern mining.

The most important exhibit of this department from a commercial point of view, is the collection of mineral specimens, some of them of nearly pure weight, which have been gathered from every part of the country, and will show, as has never before been shown, the vast resources of the country. This collection will show the actual product of the mines to-day, and is the first collection ever made for this purpose. It will not be limited to certain kinds of minerals, but will embrace every variety produced by the mining industry of the United States.

The Blind Violinist. A fine audience was present last evening at Abner's hall to hear Herr Adolph Schmidt, the blind violin virtuoso and composer. Herr Schmidt is from Gotha, in Saxony. The concert given by him last evening was a marked success. His playing of De Berlioz's "Violin Concerto No. 2," Ernst's "Carroll of Venice," and his own composition, "Concertation With My Birds," was fine, and reminded one very much of Ole Bull. Beside these numbers the program comprised a concerto for piano, violin, and cello, performed by Messrs. William Waldeck, J. Kaspar, and E. Lent; aria from "Freischütz," by Mr. Papp; quartette for string instruments, performed by Donch and his quartette; a baritone solo by Mr. E. Mari. All the numbers were heartily applauded, and the audience insisted upon recalling Herr Schmidt and Mr. Knapp.

Secretary McCulloch's Report. Secretary McCulloch said yesterday that his annual report to congress would be completed to-day or Monday, but that under no circumstances would he give any information of its contents. He said he very strongly disapproved of the publication of annual reports of heads of departments to the president or of heads of bureaus to the respective chiefs, before the whole had been laid before congress with the President's annual message. He was surprised when he found that the reports of heads of bureaus were given to the press as soon as completed, almost before they were laid before the officials to whom they were addressed, but learned on inquiry that such a course had been followed by the customs, for years, and he therefore took no action on the matter in the treasury, although he very strongly disapproved of it.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

A hopper bicycle, owned by A. F. Sperry, was stolen from the hall of No. 615 Fifteenth street yesterday.

The Columbia dramatic club contemplated a party to the residence in the Canton building, over Drew's drug store.

Coroner Patterson has left the city for a vacation of two weeks, and during that period Dr. Hartigan will act as coroner.

E. B. Stocking, of No. 205 A street southeast, has reported that a black beaver overcoat, valued at \$25, was stolen from him a few days ago.

A meeting has been called by Mr. J. Hadley Doyle, at the rooms of the democratic central committee, in Vernon row, for to-night, to establish the Young Men's Democratic club.

James Lewis, a colored man, was arrested last night by Officer Shelton on the charge of breaking into the residence of Prof. Louis M. Kruger, on Eighth street, between E and G streets southwest, yesterday.

The United States Electric Light company is laying underground cables on street, from Ninth to Fifteenth street, preparatory to lighting that street with electricity. The lights will be hung on poles over the sidewalk about twenty feet from the ground. The company expect to be ready for work by December.

Last night closed the fair for the benefit of St. Peter's Sunday school, which has been in operation for the last ten days. The lady's golf watch was won by Miss Mitchell, the surgical instruments by Dr. Mallon, and the Star (nickel) bicycle by Mr. Alfred Smith. At the conclusion of the voting the goods remaining on the tables were sold at auction.

The United club met last evening at the National Academy of Fine Arts, newly-elected president, Mr. Babbitt, outlined the policy of the club for the coming term. The essay of the evening was read by Mrs. Sanford upon the English novelist, George Eliot. The resolutions by Mr. J. L. McGreevy and Dr. Duncanson, and music by Mrs. Bulla concluded the programme. Mr. George Kenna will furnish the essay for the next meeting.

TENDERFOOT TALES.

A UNION PACIFIC CONDUCTOR SPINS A YARN FOR A PASSENGER.

How an English Tourist Started for Pike's Peak and the Foot Hills, and to Swim Irregular Ditches—The Story Heard in Twelve States.

Had Reporter.

One of the things that most impresses an eastern man on his first visit to the Rocky mountain region is the nearness of the distance, the total disregard of the perspective for veracity.

"I'll tell you a good story about that," said the Union Pacific conductor, to whom I spoke of this erratic zone and illusive landscape anomaly just before we reached Cheyenne.

"Down in Denver, an Englishman arrived at the Windsor at night, and in the morning he saw the mountains as from his window. True to the energetic habit of his nationality, he thought he would enjoy a little constitutional before breakfast, by a laint to the mountains close by. Well, that Englishman walked, and walked, and walked, and the longer he walked the further away seemed the mountains. But he got his John Bull up and swore he'd catch those mountains, or one of the smaller hills, at any rate, before he'd give up. So he walked, and walked, and walked, and about twenty hours he came to an irrigating ditch."

"What's an irrigating ditch—anything like the Erie canal?" I asked.

"An irrigating ditch is an artificial ditch about a foot wide. Well, this Englishman had taken a tumble by the time that Colorado distances are not what they seem, and he began to peel. Just as he'd got off even last night, as it were, he came up and thought he'd struck an escaped lunatic.

"What the hot black are you about?" said he.

"I'm only going to swim over, you know."

"Swim nothin'," said the ranchman. "Do you know what this is? This ain't no Mississippi—this is only an irrigating ditch."

"Irrigating ditch be awfully blanked! I've been walking three hours to get to this blooming peak over yonder, and you can't play off even last night, as it were, on an irrigating ditch on me."

I laughed and gave the conductor a cigar.

"Wonderful distances they have out here," said the clerk of the hotel in Cheyenne, after assigning me to a room. "Now, there was an Englishman out in Denver, one time, who started to walk to the mountains before breakfast. He walked for fifteen or twenty miles, I have forgotten which. He got so broke up that when he came to an irrigating ditch, not more than three feet wide, he pulled off his shoes and went in."

"What did he do that for?"

"Why, he'd got so fooled on the distance to the mountains that he thought the ditch was a river."

"Oh?"

"Good joke, wasn't it?"

"A wfully good joke. Come and have something."

We returned to the irrigating department next door. Just then Mr. Hicks, cashier of the First National bank, came in and asked me around to the bank, where there were letters for me. "After I had gone through my mail Mr. Hicks said:

"Fanny thing about this atmosphere—you can see so far that you get lost on the distance. Everybody gets fooled. Last week an Englishman came in here, he struck out to get an appetite before breakfast. He thought he'd tramp over to the mountains. He supposed they were about twenty miles away, when in fact they were forty. After he'd walked till noon—pinkie fellow, wouldn't give him a chance to get a drink of water, he came to an irrigating ditch, not more than three feet wide, and he pulled off his shoes and went in."

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THE LIFE OF A BRAKEMAN.

His Hardships and Dangers—A Plea for Protection.

The Chicago Herald.

If there was a law compelling the companies to pay for smashing brakemen you couldn't find a link and pin croaker in the country. Dangerous! I don't suppose you have any idea of the dangers of a brakeman's work on a freight train. He's got to have muscle, activity and judgment, and if he fails in one of these for a moment—why, they just shove him up in a blanket. Married men won't couple cars, except when they can't get any other job. It's all done by young fellows—poor boys who can better afford to get killed. Some day the poor boy is helping make up a long train. He's 300 yards away from the engine. There the conductor on top of the train passing signals with his hands to the engineer. The engineer don't want to kill anybody, but he can't see the whole length of the train, and it's hard to tell by the motion of a man's hand just how much more to back. The brakeman gets in between the cars, holding a pin in one hand and waiting to lift the link with the other. Along comes the train like a thunderbolt for him, the drawer gives way, retreats clear to the head, or the brakeman loses his footing in the shock. They carry him home, tell his folks that Johnny got killed on the road, and get another brakeman.

Then in the winter there's ice and snow on top of the cars. Everything is slippery, and it's awful easy to miss a step and go down between the cars. Overhead bridges break a good many heads, too. It's dangerous work, and we get paid \$1.85 for ten hours' work. It costs a brakeman a year for a \$1,000 life insurance, about six times what it would cost you. In some parts of the country the brakemen have associations, and when one gets killed the association pays his widow or his mother or his sister \$2,000. There is no association like that here. I wish there was, or that the companies had to pay for us. The only snip that will ever catch them will be one that saves money. That may sound rough, but it's God's truth.

Get up a couple that doesn't cost much more than a link and a pin and doesn't pin, and you'll have 'em. Let me tell you why. The average loss of pin and five a year to each freight car. Boys steal 'em for junk, and they get lost in a hundred ways. Pins cost 60 cents each, that's \$1.50 a car. There are nearly 1,000,000 freight cars in this country. That's \$3,000,000 of pins lost every year. Looks big, don't it? Well, knock off a few pins and you're covered, and you'll have a six month's saving. Show the railroads a self-coupler that doesn't cost more than \$5 at the most, and saves pins, and the brakeman will get a better show for his life than seven chances in eight.

BELLIGERENT ELEPHANTS.

Savage Beasts That Must be Tamed by Brutal Methods.

London Times.

Maj. Rogers had been out shooting and had discharged all his guns, when an elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for 400 yards the major kept just ahead, feeling at every step just if the trunk was trying to twist itself about his loins. A turn around a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing to the branches; but before he had time to draw up his legs the elephant had got him with his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it was better to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle did not last long, for the elephant's trunk was all around him, and he was being pulled and pushed, and the Wellington boots, which the former wore, slipped off, released the leg and saved the major from being trampled. The dilemma, however, did not end here, for the elephant, finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took his quarrel with the branches and kept his anticipated victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the country postman happened to pass by. Rogers gave notice of his position, and soon came, and the elephant was fought and ended away by tom-toms and yelling. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle the officer must have been starved to death in the tree.

The native of Hindoo, from want of thought, keeps up a constant drumming on his head with the gourd, or "ankus." In improvement, he does not use it at all. Such an improvement, however, proved more than the elephant's mind could grasp. He began really to enjoy himself, going his own way more than mine, till at last he marched through the forest, and commenced to browse. He seized the bows above his head, and tugging violently with them, brought them down on my devoted skull. This was too much. I raised the ankus, and brought it down on his head with a blow that brought blood through the skin. This had the desired effect, and he at once handled off along the road, by which he knew I wanted to go. He merely took with him a branch about the size of a small apple tree to discuss as we went along. From this movement we concluded that I did not think I ever had to use the book again, so as to bring blood.

THE CANADA GOOSE.

Queer Courtship of the Amative Birds—Singular Proceeding.

Quebec Chronicle.

It is extremely amusing to witness the courtship of the Canada goose in all its stages, and let me assure you, reader, that although a gander does not strut before his beloved with the pomposity of a turkey, or the grace of a dove, his ways are quite as agreeable to the female of his choice. I can imagine before me one who has just accomplished the defeat of another male after a struggle of half an hour or more. He advances gallantly toward the object of his attention, his head scarcely raised an inch from the ground, his bill open to its full stretch, his long neck elevated, his eyes darting fiery glances, and as he moves he hisses loudly, while the emotion which he experiences causes his quills to shake and his feathers to rustle. Now he is close to her, and he eyes, in all love, his neck bending gracefully in all directions, passes all around her, and occasionally touches her body, and as she contracts her arms in his victory, and acknowledges his affection, they move their necks in a hundred curious ways. At this moment fierce jealousy urges the defeated gander to renew his efforts to obtain his mate, and he advances, his eyes glowing with the fire of rage; he shakes his broad wings, ruffles up his whole plumage, and as he rushes on the victor he hisses furiously, and the victor, in his turn, hisses furiously, and the two birds, round to view the combat. The bold bird who had been caring his mate scarcely dares to take notice of his foe, but seems to send a scornful glance toward him. He of the mortified feelings, however, raises his body, half open his sinuous wings, and with a powerful blow sends forth his defiance. The affront cannot be borne in the presence of so large a company, nor indeed is there such disposition to bear it in any circumstance; the blow is returned with vigor, the aggressor rears for a moment, but he soon recovers, and now the combat rages. Were the weapons more deadly feuds of chivalry would now be permitted. The victor, in his turn, succeeds each other like the strokes of hammers driven by sturdy forges. But now the mated gander has caught hold of his mate, and with his bill he seizes the victor's neck, and he thrusts his blow against each other like the strokes of hammers driven by sturdy forges. But now the mated gander has caught hold of his mate, and with his bill he seizes the victor's neck, and he thrusts his blow against each other like the strokes of hammers driven by sturdy forges.

A Dolphin Disabled.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nov. 21.—It is believed here that the steamer Dolphin reported disabled in the sound is not the Dolphin of that name, but a Norwegian propeller.

I AM

IRRIGATING-DITCH ENGLISHMAN.

Later of Denver.

I have Corralled Those Mountains AND The Ditch is Loaded to the Murzie.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

An Incident of the Battle of Dead Angle—An Ex-Confederate Officer's Experience While on a Night Inspection Tour.

Sanborn Bureau.

On the night of the 3d of July, 1864, we were ordered back from the line at the Dead Angle, and as luck would have it, I was one of the twelve men who were detailed to go on hands and knees out about ten yards in front of the works through the abatis and other obstructions to watch the enemy while the line was gradually falling back. First went the line of battle and then the skirmishers, and then to our great joy we left our posts and fell back too. In crawling out to our posts that night we were under a great deal of fire, and we made the least noise we could. The unwelcome firing of a mine bullet at once, and they came pretty close, too, if they were fired in the dark. We had not got to our posts for some time, and circumstances, so we could not reply to the calls we had. It was our province to watch and listen, and, if crowded, to jump and run.

Well, the men were placed, one by one, in a zigzag line as well as they could be in the dark by the writer, he having to crawl out and post one and then come back and post another until they were all arranged. Then it was the duty of the officer to go along the line and see if they were all doing their duty, that is, lying low and keeping awake—not much trouble to keep awake that night, I assure you. Well, on one of the tours of inspection the officer got a little off the line, and it being crooked, too, he got outside of the line and was crawling around so that he could not tell whether he was going to his own men or not. While creeping along in this frame of mind I ran up against the muzzle of a musket right in my face, and then I heard the click, click of the cock. Well, the past life of the writer came up before him. All the mean things he ever did reviewed in a review in a few seconds, for it was only a short time that it took to pass through this trying ordeal.

He was afraid to catch the gun, for it would make the man at the other end of the line suspicious, and he would be asked, "Who is that?" No answer. Then he said, "If you are a federal, I am your meat." Still no answer. "If you are a rebel, I am your meat." No answer yet. The sword was pouring down, and I was about this time, I tell you, the soldier took his gun down then, I don't know why, for he took me for a federal soldier, as my clothes were dark, and I had on a black hat. However, the gun was down and the writer was down, too, lying prone on the ground by the soldier, and he saw who it was that held the gun. It happened to be a man in the regiment that was considered a little off about the head, in fact "sorter queer," and then the scare came on good, for he had no more sense than to get up and say, "I have been one of the other men they would not have cocked their guns, and would have tried to find out who it was creeping along there."

Well, the reaction came to my nervous system, and I was as weak as water; if the enemy had taken us on us then, I could have been taken in sure, as it would have been impossible to get up off the ground. Well, the number of men who were sent to the rear, I saw how near he had come to sending me to my long home. At a given signal, which was about 12 o'clock, we moved back to the rear, and the writer was no time in catching up with the rear guard, which we found about two miles ahead of us. I should add that the vidette line right along there did not get inspected any more that night.

The Athens Club Concert.

The concert given last evening at the Congregational church by the Athens Literary and Debating club was a most enjoyable affair and well attended, but the number present was not as large as the concert deserved. Dr. Blachford began the programme with the overture to "Fra Diavolo," and was followed by the High School choir, consisting of nine members, who sang a hymn, "Hail, Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes," and for an encore gave another song of comic order. Miss Annie Lewis was next on the programme for recitation, but an announcement was made that she would not be present, and that Mr. E. B. Hay would recite instead. Mr. Hay recited two humorous sketches in his usual happy manner, and sang a song, "When the Sparrows Build" in a style which pleased the audience and won for her a round of applause. Next came imitations by Mr. Tim Murphy of John T. Raymond, McLaughlin, Mackay, Mayo, Hobson, and other actors. These imitations were so perfectly given as to call forth prolonged applause, and Mr. Murphy was recalled three times. Miss Evans sang, in her charming style, "La Tortorella," by Arditte. Mr. D. C. Bang's reading, "She wanted to Study Elouation," was exceedingly good, and deserved the enthusiastic applause which he received. The Cecilia quartette rendered Benedict's "Hunting Song" and Mohring's "Legends," both pieces quite familiar to the audience by being sung so often by the quartette. For an encore the "Soldier's Farewell" was given. The programme terminated with a duet from the classical Sabbath in "Mephistopheles," excellently sung by Misses Ewan and Desjardins.

A Dolphin Disabled.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nov. 21.—It is believed here that the steamer Dolphin reported disabled in the sound is not the Dolphin of that name, but a Norwegian propeller.

I AM

IRRIGATING-DITCH ENGLISHMAN.

Later of Denver.

I have Corralled Those Mountains AND The Ditch is Loaded to the Murzie.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

An Incident of the Battle of Dead Angle—An Ex-Confederate Officer's Experience While on a Night Inspection Tour.

Sanborn Bureau.

On the night of the 3d of July, 1864, we were ordered back from the line at the Dead Angle, and as luck would have it, I was one of the twelve men who were detailed to go on hands and knees out about ten yards in front of the works through the abatis and other obstructions to watch the enemy while the line was gradually falling back. First went the line of battle and then the skirmishers, and then to our great joy we left our posts and fell back too. In crawling out to our posts that night we were under a great deal of fire, and we made the least noise we could. The unwelcome firing of a mine bullet at once, and they came pretty close, too, if they were fired in the dark. We had not got to our posts for some time, and circumstances, so we could not reply to the calls we had. It was our province to watch and listen, and, if crowded, to jump and run.

Well, the men were placed,